

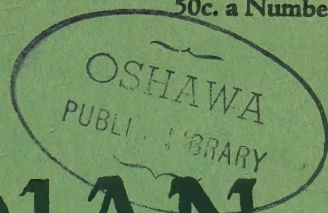
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CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED 1936

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No. 3

TORONTO, ONT.

SPRING, 1952

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In the same magazine, J. L. Smallwood describes an awe-inspiring sight that few now living have ever seen, a buffalo herd thundering across the plains: "They wheel, gale-riven clouds in lumbering, streaming rout, heads back and horns flat like the flukes of an anchor." But everybody is at times "A Watcher Of Stars", and Violet Olasovetz brightens the imagination with her lines:

"Let me be a watcher of stars,
On lonely nights when the thin moon
Slides like a scimitar through the clouds
And cuts showers of star-fire loose from the sky."

Any collection of good poetry can enrich the reader's experience and illuminate his understanding. Canadian Poetry Magazine is concerned mainly with Canadian writers, both those of established reputation like Wilson MacDonald, Audrey Alexandra Brown, or Charles Bruce, and those of whom the public has not yet heard. Among Ottawans recently represented in its pages are Geoffrey Vivien, F. E. Hanratty, and Hilda Ridley. But its scope is not narrowly nationalist, for it includes poems by Americans like Joseph Keith, William Rose Benet, and Gustav Davidson and by Britons like Geoffrey Johnson.

The magazine restricts itself to poems never published before. But its standard is meritorious and it "aims to preserve a sane balance between tradition and experiment." Its encouragement of writers is enhanced by payment for their work.

Despite freshness and interest of material, the magazine has been kept alive for 13 years only by the financial aid of the Canadian Authors Association and the Foundation Supporters. It has been assured quality and prestige by distinguished editors—E. J. Pratt, Watson Kirkconnell, Earle Birney, and now Arthur S. Bourinot. Its contents can give pleasure to many readers who may not as yet be acquainted with them."

—An Editorial in the Ottawa Citizen reprinted in the Montreal Gazette.

"The sad fact that our Canadian Poetry Magazine keeps alive only by the skin of its teeth makes me wish that every man in this room would get acquainted with that quarterly and help the world to understand that there are new voices in this new country that are worth listening to."

—From an address by the late Arthur Stringer.

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

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No. 3 — Spring, 1952

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Patrons of poetry are reminded that we pay for all poems printed, and are grateful for donations to defray the expense of this policy.

Manuscripts should be mailed to The Editor—P.O. Box 803, Postal Station "B"—Ottawa, Ontario.

FOUNDATION SUPPORTERS

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that a magazine such as this is not a profit making venture: It is published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement of poetry in Canada and its continued appearance is only made possible by the generosity of its Foundation Supporters. Once again we are indebted to our friends, listed below, for encouragement and practical support and we thank them most gratefully.

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CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE



Spring 1952

VOLUME 15 - - NUMBER 3
TORONTO, ONT.

EDITOR - - - - - ARTHUR S. BOURINOT
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"To write not to be understood is no less vaine than to speak
not to be heard. Fooles and Madmen use to talk to them-
selves in Publique, and he that publishes that which he would
have no Man understand but himself do's the same thing."

SAMUEL BUTLER

VINEYARD GHOSTS

I fled the vineyard, shivering
Because of brittle bones that sing
Against the wires, because the vine,
A skeleton, looms serpentine;
And I am chilled to hear the clack
Of rattled leaves behind my back.

The hollow beat of a cricket's call
Accents the stealth of each footfall
And all the atmosphere vibrates
As if a person stalks these gates,
A person vigorous and young
Who'd laugh to see old autumn hung.

Bernice Ames

WITHOUT MUSIC

The willows are yellow by the river
The slanted sunlight plays a crazy game
of noughts and crosses on the water.

When summer comes

I will miss the fringes of ice
down there at the edges

Lace from a cavalier's cuff

But the cavaliers are all dead. (Except You)

My heart is not ready for summer

I want to stay here where the shrubbery sleeps
and the river is winter-slumbering

I want to stay here where the cold colors
are anaesthetic in the veins

And sounds are pale echoes
of remembered music.

It is bad enough to have Spring touch me
with sensuous fingers, a month, two months from now
And set me moaning in my sleep

But Summer—with bold crashing chords

With banners flying and arpeggios of water
Flashing up and down the river—

Summer is sure to undo me.

And when small boys are busy
catching little spotted fish

in every sheltered cranny of this place

And herons beat their wings

And gulls are mating

Where can I go to hide?

There is an empty nest tilted crooked among the rushes
swinging and crazy and lop-sided

Shall I place my heart there

Cover it with last year's grass

And run?

Merle Alles

A SONG OF SIMPLICITY

With pallid hands they hunt the beast
And take the densest path for fear
Of finding him in light of sun,
Savage and virile at his rest.

I tell them their concern should be
To walk the circle of the light,
Out of the skulking paths draw near
And meet those eyes once more full square.

Someone must dare him in his leap,
The spring of muscles thick with blood;
Lurking spirit in a panic
Is routed when the great paws thud.

We never rest at journey's end
By tracking an imagined foe.
Hands' simple strength unlord him there,
Clean poised for slaughter or caress.

Charles Edward Eaton

SISTER OF CHARITY

Before the dawn we listened
to the gentle beating of your feet,
and we bid our hearts bow down
to let you pass,
knowing you would remember us
beside the wells of Heaven.

But when the evening came,
a lovely thing you said
rang and re-echoed in our minds,
as if it were a peal of bells
beyond the hills.

Gwendolen Massey

WHAT ALCHEMY IS THIS?

What alchemy is this,
What blessed miracle,
That turns gaunt trees
To curving and sweet green?
What the hand
That draws the crocus
From its winter bed,
And paints bright tulips
With a lavish brush;
That makes small birds
To sing for us,
And wakens in our hearts
The seeds of Life,
The need to grow,
Expand, push upwards
To the burnished sun?

Some say it is the hand of God,
While others call it Spring.
So even has the human heart
Its time of flowering.

Leila Pepper

SO IT IS BEST

Winter has come
In a land of snow;
O bury the griefs
Of long ago.

Lay Grief to rest
Under covers of white;
So it is best,
Now it is night.

Marion Kathleen Henry

YOUNG CITY

My city is of the new days
Not for her the waste of old delays—
Her hands are on the clock—pointing around.
Most accurately she tallies and weighs
Her commodities and stores them within bound.
She tabulates on a graph-sheet
Her controlled temperatures and she measures sound
To its last echo—recording the beat.
She covers her raw new mire
With precise pattern of street crossing street.
All pavements gleaming like sheets of low fire
Buffed by the ceaseless turning
Of wheels. She weaves a great net of wire,
Lofty—intricate beyond her own discerning
And juggles digits in a merry game
Of numbering her new avenues. She must keep learning
New combinations because her short history
Can seldom provide a street with a name.
She has no Temple Courts of ancient consistory
And her ground pays rental to no age-long claim;
Although well-grown she is not mature enough
To mother a mystery.
“This building” she cries. “is obsolete and rough,—
Twenty years old! It is through.
We should not tolerate such uncouth stuff—
It absolutely ruins the view!
It must come down to make way
For something smooth-lined—something new.”
Thus she will tear down tomorrow what she built yesterday
Leaving nothing to age and decay . . .

Old cities keep dead churches—walled from sight
And open ruins, bearing the gray soot-blight
With bowl outheld and a skeleton smile,
Asking any strangers mite
To keep the bones together in one pile.

The shrines are gone—the shapes remain—offcast.
Love would not keep them standing all this while
When they must fall at last.
But my city spares all her works the sting
Of age in ruin—she harbours nothing of the past.
Her surging enterprise must always bring
Death to her older arts and the sure boon
Of the quick burial she gives everything—
A good gift withal, except that it comes too soon
And so denies her works their afternoon.

Ella Davis

THE VULTURE

The hovering, hungry Vulture, Night,
Brushes my world with death-dark wing,
And my heart would cringe in a craven fright,
Or hide from the breath of the shadowy thing:
Eyes with all flinty facets gleaming,
Impersonal-seeming, yet kestrel-keen—
And just where awareness fades to dreaming,
He looms between.

O, Blind tired Day with her own bright bleeding,
Pour proud hills in the purple gush:
Some sinister whisper of demon heeding—
Swoop in a sudden silent rush!
You hold the Fate of my Fool's deserving,
For I am prey to Life's carrion law:
Then, clutch my heart in the new-moon curving
Of cruel claw!

Ruth E. Scharfe

THE WIND

It is afternoon, it is a bleak, sullen November day,
The sky is sombre, frowning, the river is choppy, deserted,
The streets are dry, dusty, the trees are bare, crestfallen,
The leaves are scampering, sportive, the wind is cold, frenzied.

Men, women and children are almost running,
The wind is pushing them, goading them, prodding them,
It is forming giddy whirlpools of dust and leaves,
It is reckless, it is excited, it moans—it is cold, frenzied.

Hats have sprouted wings, coats hug hurrying figures,
The streets have adopted an air of waggish confusion,
Bandanas and scarves wave with careless abandon,
The wind is merciless, it groans, it whips—it is cold, frenzied.

It is fickle, capricious, it is conceited, impatient,
It pauses for breath, gasps, then swaggers to the next corner
Where other fagged leaves are huddled, yet vigilant, alert
To elude the grasping, howling monster—it is cold, frenzied.

Like clusters of small, startled birds, the leaves scurry around the
corner.

They know the greedy scoundrel will toss them aside
When it is satiated, enervated—spent itself in an orgy—
The wind is a Fury, it is savage, it lashes—it is cold, frenzied.

Mabel Ferguson

BED-TIME STORY

Miss Delph said primly, "I don't believe in fairies,
Once, long ago—but I've forgotten that:
When I was a little girl in another village
A queer small man in a high brimmed hat
Knocked on the door, and my mother answered.
Gave him a copper pot to mend;
Cinnamon beard and sleigh-bell sandals,
Eyes that twinkled without an end.

Ellovan . . . Ellovan Coppersmith! Why did you go away?
Why could you never stay,
And shatter foolish theories and break our foolish laws,
And mend the copper arches of a world that never was?

"You understand, Bobby, that elves and fairies
Are imaginary things—but let's suppose
That man was one of the little people,
Let's suppose . . .
He was a gnome with a great red nose,
Wakened from a long, long sleep, his spells
Forgotten in the murk of days and years,
Lost in the tinkling of a million bells.

"His people sleep among the wooded hills,
Hidden in hollow logs and darkened caves.
And only Ellovan—how did I know his name?—
Tramps between the villages and saves
His pennies to buy tobacco with.
His jaunty feather wilted in the rain,
His face grown sombre with the passing time;
He works with copper only, and looks in vain

For copper pans—they vanished long ago
In attics, sheds, lie buried in the ground.
The charcoal brazier, anvil, all his tools
Remain unused." Miss Delph turned round
To look at Bobby. "Finally the gnome
Rejoined his people. He smoked his pipe in deep
Soliloquy beside a blue-cool stream,
And went to sleep, went to sleep, to sleep . . ."

Ellovan . . . Ellovan Coppersmith! The dim road runs away,
And past the phantom villages you visited today.
But stop beside a little house, smoke your pipe and pause,
As casual as a daisy in a world that never was.

Alfred W. Purdy

THE STAKE

The brown, bent sedges lie a prey to winds
That erstwhile stirred their roots and blithely sent
Blown kisses to the bob-o-link. The blinds
Of huntsmen squat in truculent intent
Toward the intrepid mallards in the cove.
The river curls as if asleep ere long
To take its tortuous course to sea and move
A million mountains—triumph in its song.

Rushes will spring again, the bob-o-link
Pour out his ecstasy among the reeds,
Venetian to his nest. Upon the brink,
Along the very cove, a stake—and deeds—
No doubt of it—protrude a pocket there,
And private signs bid trespassers: Beware!

J. R. G. Adams

GENESIS

The sun homes into the heart of the river
And carries the day;
The sunburst of color leaps, dies to a quiver,
Is swallowed in gray.

From the reed beds the night mist comes feeling,
Concealing water and sky,
And ghostlike, a shadow the shadows revealing,
My paddle and I.

Drift, drift in a timeless, dimensionless bowl
Eternity wide.
Ether, fluid and spirit—whatever betide,
Air, water and soul
Forever abide.

Marjorie Freeman Campbell

UNBOWED

The day was bright—seasonably warm.

He was an old man—with a limp,
And clear blue eyes 'neath bushy white eyebrows,
But he kept to the road

To pass through a gate into a garden.

A spade leaned against the fence—he took it
And turned the earth in brown furrows
Smoothly laid—you did not notice the limp.

Full intent was he upon his labor;

The hours passed unheeded—unhurried,
As tirelessly he continued digging, turning,
Until the day was done; again the road

To the house whose roof-tree

Sheltered his uncomplaining form
From the cold stars and the night wind.

Thus for many days, spade, hoe and rake do his bidding.

To passers-by he was just an old man at work,

But the plants knew him for what he was and grew apace,
Bloomed in beauty for the old man with a limp,
And clear blue eyes 'neath bushy white eyebrows,

Who labored for them and gave little heed to thoughts

Of more stalwart hours—dimmed honors—dream faces;
For his were not the watery eyes, his not the whimpering voice
That seek compassion from the onlooker.

Each day to him was but a marker of time.

His thoughts reached ahead, but not to the infinite;
Just one day, to be drawn from the fund of borrowed time,
Which arriving, would be his—HIS.

Gene Vance

BLIND GIRL

Her searching voice finds you as you enter the room.
Drawn by the tentacles of her curious mind
You go and stand beside her and offer her your hand.
She takes it and you have a moment's panic then
For you know you have laid your naked soul
In her hands.
She feels your fear and quiets it
Tosses aside her knowledge
And offers you her friendship, if she likes you.
There are no words
And it has all happened in a second.

You are unquiet in her presence all the same
For no ordinary civilized defences
Can hide you.
If you are happy or unhappy
She knows it. You can pretend no longer.
You can't lord it over her
By being sensible and normal either:
Her sentences are little flocks of words
That circle and light upon you
And pick your flesh.
It doesn't hurt, you know,
Altho' you sit, nicely dressed,
Balancing your teacup
And saying things you never meant to say
Or even think.

Only when she listens to music are you free
For this she cannot share with you
Suddenly alone you wait
And she sits pressing her hands against her breasts
Where the music makes strange patterns
Without shape or color.

Windy days are bad days for a blind girl
And windy nights are worse.
She turns her head this way and that
And you would swear her eyes could see the wind
If they see nothing else.
I have the wild feeling
That some day she will run out of this house
Taken away somewhere by this demon lover, the wind
And never be seen again.

Merle Alles

LET SPRING BE NOW

Let Spring be now.
Let March forget her winds
And April her cold rain.
Let Spring be in this moment
For the next—who knows?

Let Spring speak now.
Grim Winter prattled long
And gave no hope 'til now
When he is tired,
And can stand no more.

But for Spring
There is the nothing
That one shudders at in death.

Spring must come now.
Tomorrow is too late.
Perhaps if she creeps softly in
Before we know,
We may look forward to another day
And more—if Spring is now.

Barbara Gage

BUGLES AT MIDNIGHT

Through the years of withered grasses
Winter warns and summer grieves;
Autumn's sombre shadow passes
Like a ghost wind thru the leaves.

Silent now, and stripped of splendour,
Melancholy, and forlorn,
All the rolling hills remember
Custer's plaintive bugle horn.

Stirs a whisper on the water,
Where the night wind, falling chill,
Bears the breath of savage slaughter
From the sleepers on the hill.

Where the moon mist drapes the hollow
All the trembling trees are stilled.
Shadows rise, and follow, follow,
Till the waiting woods are filled.

Silence splinters through the valley
Like a shivered chandelier.
From his bed of peaceful slumber
Leaps the startled fallow deer.

Now the hour of retribution.
Now the night of judgment born.
Rings the cry of "Garry Owen",
Echoes Custer's bugle horn.

Douglas G. Banham

MUSIC ON DUFFERIN TERRACE

There was the temper of the north,
the wind from Ontario swooping
up from the lake, over the slanting city
to the bare bony terrace that loped away
undulation after undulation downhill.

And the wind pounced on the tent,
pried open the flaps and entered
swinging the spotlights, amber and red,
like those prisms of cranberry glass
dangling from Victorian chandeliers.

The tent lurched; the guy-ropes creaked;
the canvas ducked and billowed,
and on the roof steps were heard,
the footpads of that wind of the north,
walking like rain, but no rain was there.

Inside the mood changed to *giocoso*—
a face was seen, tranced, with shadowy eyes;
the baton tapped, the melody leapt up,
and a voice was carried aloft,
circling and soaring into the arcades of dark.

The music dropped like a falling star;
the hand descended that held the baton,
and on the lips an ensorcelled smile
hovered for a moment, like a bird
that arrests its flight and then is gone.

And in that instant of alighting and departure,
we swung into another climate;
all became fused and at one,
the night, the north, the wind, and the rocking lights,
and we were in a single and solitary place,—

a vestibule of enchantment,
independent of latitude or longitude;
leaping frontiers, fording lakes and estuaries,
transcending language, creeds, colors,
stapling all with the watermark of harmony.

Christine Turner Curtis

DEER CROSSING LAKE

The sky was gentian blue;
a deer with mincing steps
furtively crossed the lake
on a crust of steel,
and watching,
one could feel
the nerves were taut,
the senses sought
assurance all was well.
It reached the farther shore
and disappeared,
merged with the trees in the wood.
And where it stood
motionless for a moment,
to start once more in haste,
nothing was left in the waste
where it crossed
but the memory,
faint hoof prints cut in the snow,
delicately carved;
both to go,
inevitably so,
an ancient rhyme
irretrievably lost,
erased by the hand of time.

Arthur S. Bourinot

PARTING

Once every year we part,
Once every year
Snow binds the quiet walls with silver drapes—
There is no life beyond these pulsing walls,
There is no death but this.

The same snow falls,
The same birds seek the sun,
The same bright berries lace the boughs with red
Below her window. Now, at evenfall,
The trumpet tones are stilled, the winter skies
Hang low and heavy over hearts that hush.

The night has come
And through the folded palms
The parting that is sword and wind and star
Breaks bitter as the end of earthly hope;
A wind too vast for mortal bearing sweeps
The bared hearts waiting by the naked hearth;
The soul has passed; the room is reft and lone—
The night has come.

Kathleen Earle

PERSEPHONE

Daughter of life, married to death himself,
I am their battleground, to both sides partisan,
(Unlike the Greek girl, six months spent in hell,
Six on earth) I at one time both span.

Choosing to sit aside with my lover, while
I long to join earth's children in their dance.
Chill in his arms, I envy the heat of toil.
With rigid muscles I keep a shuddering balance.

Born of life, but I cherish death and his hold of me,
Voiceless, motionless, celebrate my own requiem,
Despising my sisters, hating my brothers bitterly,
Afraid, afraid a touch will make me one of them.

But if I divorced death? I could live then,
Not grapes and grain my care but living men.

Alison Hopwood

BLACK GLOVES

She stood on the corner and through my open window,
I watched her as the balmy summer breeze
Ruffled her trim hair and her gay green scarf;
Her black dress clung like a burr to her slim figure,
And atop her blonde hair tottered a floppy black hat.

She shuffled back and forth—electric with energy—
The men seemed stirred by her beauty, the women by her mask;
Then, nonchalantly, she smoothed her long black gloves,
Brushed a hand across her eyes, swung her black purse,
And continued to pace to and fro like a caged panther.

Actions are revealing to a person interested in people,
So my eyes and my brain, bolstered by imagination,
Flashed a series of little pictures along my mind—
Unbridled thought-waves zigzagged through the ether,
As she waited impatiently for Time and Destiny to meet.

It was hard to tell whether time passed quickly or slowly
As this silent drama intrigued, baffled and perplexed me.
She slipped down the top of her left glove, her lips moved—
Time! Once more she shuffled back and forth—
Was it the bitterness of the present or the uncertainty of the
future?

At that moment, a tall, dark man pulled the wires of Fate—
Obviously, it was a decisive moment—they both talked at once.
Her voice was penetrating, nervous, his was cultured, woolly—
Suddenly, he walked away—their voices faded—she looked
wilted—
Then, with a bristling gesture, she tore off her long black gloves.

Mabel Ferguson

HOLIDAY INTERLUDE

A holiday flows intermittently
Like a stream in strange latitudes,
Never recurring but for the snapshot leaf
That halts the current with a nostalgic burble
Momentarily. How that sparkle of time
Eddies the memory! The mind glistens;
Another dimension fetters the film.
Then, the leaf turns—is gone, like a dream.

* * * *

Ontario has lost its rivers—

The romping Rouge is muddy; spent is Ganaraska
Rippling over limestone ledges . . .

(Time's a passenger)

Dauntless Northumberland rivulets, never still,
Challenge the turnpike, die in the irised harbor.
Swelling the Trent, expansive with the liquid wealth
The Iroquois won and lost, Muskoka and Kawartha
Course to Quinte . . . Moira and the Shannon fret and follow;
And Napanee makes merry with cascades,
Their light and sound sauntering toward the rushes
Where the ebb and flow of its curious tide take ransom . . .

(Times goes fishing).

Sombre and green to the land-locked bay creeps Collins Creek.
Wild fowl scream—O straight and narrow causeway, on.
On to Cataraqui! Forts and stone embrasures hold your peace!
A thousand isles rejoice! One mighty river still makes holiday.

J. R. G. Adams

THE FIRST SNOW

Now comes
The white moving mass;
Bold and cruel
Shedding its flakes
On the brown pine cones,
And on the close cropped
Grass of hills,
Where sheep have
Tramped and fed.

There is
A rhythmical silence,
In the falling
Hastening nuisance,
As it drifts
In its shaking white,
And strangely
Brings to sight
Another land.

While underneath
The snow's cleanliness
The somber earth
Bound hard with frost,
Is patiently waiting
For the law of spring.

Mary J. Gruchy

MALADY

The town is bilious grey.
Spring sun shone on it.
It spewed its thaw sickness
Into lanes and on the streets.

The wintered people walk shabby
Beneath Spring sun.
They move, unreal things,
In warm air.

“Where is the time
When running feet denied the town
For Spring where ponds hummed loud
With waking things;
A dog chased frogs,
Barked laughter at the sun;
And feet and dog returned at night
Too tired to see the town.

The dog is dead.
Feet run no more.
The town is sick.

Barbara Gage

A RABBI'S HEAD

The studious temples, the thick beard
Austerely pencilled, and those eyes
Brooding on depths of timelessness
Shone for a moment from the press.
As if incised on radiant air
The contours of his face appeared
Not of this world, and put to shame
With a cool, single, silent glance
All our preposterous faith in size,
In speed, in armoured arrogance,
Then went as softly as they came.

Geoffrey Johnson

CHILDREN'S VOICES

Up from the city the children's voices
Float like crystal balls,
Shrill and clear on the morning air
They mount higher and higher;
Up, up, into the blue firmament
They shimmer and chime:
Setting in motion a chinese wind-bell
Whose dulcet tinkle, tinkle,
Has been long silent in my heart.

Over the city the children's voices
Sparkle like prisms in the setting sun,
Catching its rainbow hues, like bubbles
Blown from pursed round lips;
Tossed into the evening sky
By eager, uninhibited tongues,
They ascend into the downward dusk
Piercing it like the first star:
Staccato, they clink and shine,
They crinkle and irretrievably—fade.

Ah! my city, dream conceived, dynamo derived,
Confusion nurtured city,
These are our children's voices,
Shatter them not, shatter them not.

Robina Stewart

THE STARLING

Like a rheumatic in the damp
Limping with a gamp,
Comical, lovable starling,
To your tormented self you mutter
Star-talk and garbage of the gutter;
The Devil chuckles while you splutter
Damnation to the blizzard's snarling.

A palpitating summer Punch
Of the chimney-tops, you hunch
Over your peeping brood and darling
In a peroration that begets
Tropes faster than your whistle wets;
Your smart wit claps its castanets,
Your jubilation's tambourines
Thrill down the silver-streamered blue,
And the whole world laughs back at you
Who so burlesque what winter means
And what you still must battle through,
Comical, lovable starling.

Geoffrey Johnson

THE HOUSE

That was the house where I woke at night and wondered
What the mouse was doing in the wall
Rattling and scraping,
Where I woke and wondered
What we would do now,
Now that our money and our love and all
Were done, and we must move.
That was where in the dark I dreaded changing,
And heard the mouse keep busy in the wall.
That was the house with the mountain at the window .
When I went down so early from your sleep
And saw the mountain black and blooming crimson
And felt myself go free with seeing the leap
Of color from the crest.
Strange that I loved that house
And hated to leave
And felt uprooted utterly to go
And held the thought of family there, and poetry
And loves return.

Dorothy Roberts

VISITATION

You descend briefly, dramatically,
Walking in from a long absence
As though it were only yesterday.
The same unstudied arrogance—
Your face impassive, yet hungry,
And your body a familiar confusion of torment.
You look at me with longing, with hatred,
Seeing only yourself,
But immediately I am reminded that I am still alive.

The long lethargy of Winter
Has drained all passion and purpose from me,
But the crashing discord of your presence
Releases the static intangibles,
And I am impaled upon a crescendoing awareness
That soon this starkness will burgeon into bloom.

You who walk a way apart
Excursioning into tonal immensities as you seek
To set down the strange music sounding within,
You would compel me by your insistence
To accept what the past within me refuses.
And my inevitable heart stirs, trenchant,
Recognizing that with you I am sharply alive.

Clara Bernhardt

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Guido Cavalcanti's Theory of Love

BY J. E. SHAW

This work attempts to define anew the controversial theory of love of this turbulent Italian poet of the late thirteenth century and shows the relationship of Cavalcanti's theory to those of Dante and Guido Guinizelli. "A triumph of poetic sensitiveness, devoted to the study of a poem the greatness of which has been felt for centuries, but never before comprehended."—*University of Toronto Quarterly*. \$3.85.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

Book Reviews

A. J. CASSON by Paul Duval with foreword by B. K. Sandwell—Ryerson—64 pp., \$4.50.

Here is the perfect combination; a book about an artist written by an author-artist and critic and one who knows the arts not only theoretically but practically.

Alfred Joseph Casson is president of the Royal Canadian Academy and one who has painted all his life. Few persons have played as prominent a role in the development of recent Canadian painting. As Mr. Duval says, "as craftsman, painter and organizer he has been in the forefront of almost all recent Canadian painting movements of any significance." He is represented in practically all the country's major museums, with six works in the National Gallery.

This attractive book tells Casson's career in detail from his early boyhood to the years of his great achievement. In 1926 he was elected not only to the Royal Canadian Academy but also to the Group of Seven. Such a feat speaks well for his broad creative impulses and his modern outlook. The book is profusely illustrated with reproductions in black and white and contains besides four fine colored plates.

Degas once said, "The most beautiful things in art come from renunciation." Casson's work illustrates this; particularly his later paintings and his pictures of houses and villages. Here there is simplicity and restraint. To know when to stop, to know what to leave out, is one of the fine arts. Casson's houses have a grim gothic reality that both impresses and pleases. His trees in his later work possess a lyric spontaneity that Emily Carr's also had. Movement of line and life in the color give them an integrity that is only found in good art. As Delacroix said, "The spaces within his contours are smooth and but slightly cluttered up with details."

The reproduction on the jacket is a fine piece of work. The coloring is delicate but suggestive and the composition simple and as a result beautiful. Casson's pictures impress one as the kind Renoir would have liked for he once remarked, "I like pictures which make me want to stroll about in them, if they are landscapes, or to caress them if they are women." Great art is based on craftsmanship and imagination but there is instinct in it also—just as there is in poetry. Yeats once said, "I write by instinct," and VanGogh and Delacroix said the same of painting.

The publishers are to be congratulated on a finely turned out book. It is a work of art in itself.

Arthur S. Bourinot

THE SEARCHING IMAGE—Louis Dudek—Ryerson Press—12 pp., \$1.00.

IT WAS A PLANE—Tom Farley—Ryerson Press—12 pp., \$1.00.

MINT AND WILLOW—Ruth Cleaves Hazelton—Ryerson Press—12 pp., \$1.00.

VIEWPOINT—Myra Lazechko-Haas—Ryerson Press—12 pp., \$1.00.

Twenty-eight

The poetry of Louis Dudek is modern without being incomprehensible, and hard without lacking emotion or warmth. It abounds in hidden meanings, symbolism and strange phrases. Undoubtedly Mr. Dudek is a student of incongruities, unexplored perspectives and unexposed negatives. He treasures odd ideas, new conceptions.

I'm not at all sure that I like his work, but I admire it immensely. Anyone with the audacity to compare God with a giant turtle and hanged men to bananas, as in "*Come On, Mr. Freud*", deserves to be read, if only to find out what is going to happen next.

The verse forms here presented are varied and interesting; rhyme is not entirely absent, but seems to be casually disregarded as unimportant. "*The Black Girl and the Poem*" is equal to W. J. Turner's best, which I think is a fairly high standard of achievement.

I'm still a bit puzzled over a verse in which the world is described as "achieving virtue only by the justness of its compromises". For post-graduates only.

"What did you do in the war, daddy?
How did you help us to win?
Circuits and bumps and turns, laddie,
And how to get out of a spin."

Those lines, written anonymously during the last war, sum up the thought and atmosphere of "IT WAS A PLANE".

The poems are filled with the gusto of Air Force jargon, the transient sweetness of life lived too swiftly, and above all, the song of the Hurricanes and Lancasters leaving vapor trails in the sky. The brief speech of pilots, navigators and bombardiers, the sense of vast forces moving inexorably together in combat, as exemplified by the component individual parts making up the clashing armies. In fact they come as close to making six years spent in the Air Force live again as anything has ever done. They are a crystalization of nostalgia and a collection of memories. These poems fill the definition of being technically perfect in that they nearly always achieve the mood they attempt to portray. There is little that can be said of them besides that.

"—and you, back turned,
balance the abstract verities of wind and drift,
log how a city burned.

The poetry of "MINT AND WILLOW" is that of a sedentary adventurer, commonplace and not too sentimental. The poems move around the fringes of reality with a light touch, a not too-impassioned tone. Racial prejudice, ballet and Cortez are among the themes used—sensitively and well. The principal defect is that the poems are musical without being memorable.

"VIEWPOINT" is written with a keen observation of humanity's foibles. The viewpoint of retailers, refugees and soldiers, and significantly, the viewpoint of worms. The only reason anyone escapes dissection is the strict limitations of space imposed by the chapbook. Consider the "Retailer":

"But first consider
This jobber's lot of khaki and blue.
Not being worn this year. Too coarse for curtains,
Not plush enough for bathmats, and the medals have
faded the cloth.
And just where it shows!"

"Retailer" is exceptional, but the others do not lag far behind.

Alfred W. Purdy

Periodical Reviews

POETRY QUARTERLY, VOL. 13, No.3—Autumn 1951—1/7, 6/ per annum
post paid, 48pp.

The Grey Walls Press, 7 Crown Passage, Pall Mall, London S.W. 1 (U.S.A.: British Book Centre, 122 E. 55th St., New York City). (Proofs on acceptance). Editor, Wrey Gardiner. Mainly poetry, articles and reviews of high merit, notably by Howard Sergeant ("The Poetry of Roy Campbell"), Derek Stanford ("Aiken and Douglas") and Muriel Spark ("The Apple and the Spectroscope"). The major part of this issue contains poems from U.S.A. and the British Commonwealth (without designation) including part of the Festival of Britain prize poem "The Witnesses" by Clive Sansom. Among the thirty poems published, Sydney Tremayne's "From the Sad, Unlovely City" deserves special mention. The poetry of peace seems far away; the vision is one of despair, beauty brittle with doubt.

MEANJIN—QUARTERLY—VOL. 10, No. 3—Spring 1951—5/, £1 per annum. U.S.A. \$4, postpaid, 120 pp.

Illustrated. University of Melbourne, Carlton, N3, Victoria, Australia. Mss typed, doubled spaced, folded once, payment on publication. Editor, C. B. Christesen. Five poems, mainly articles (notably on Katherine Pritchard and her poetry). "The Chinese Novel as a Subversive Force", "The Russian Chaucer". Also many short stories and reviews and keen emphasis on art. Australian and proud of it. Very good reading. Well printed. A journal leaning heavily toward art and predominantly Australian.

ARENA—New Zealand—International Literary Quarterly, #29, 1951.

"Seeking closer contact with overseas countries through the medium of short stories, poems, criticism, reviews."

Editor: N. F. Hoggard, P.O. Box 6188, TeArno, Wellington, N.Z. (U.S.A.: Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th St., New York City). 28 pp. (pocket size). Annual subscription 5/ post paid.

Fine poems by Geoffrey Johnson, Eric Nixon and R. L. Cook of Britain and many ranking poets of U.S.A. and N.Z.

QUICKSILVER—QUARTERLY—VOL. 4—Winter 1951—Editors, Grace Ross and Mabel M. Kaykendall, 4429 Foard St., Fort Worth 5, Texas, U.S.A.—28 pp., tinted paper—Prizes up to \$25—65c. copy—\$2.50 per annum.

Representative poetry, mainly traditional in form, by ranking poets such as Cullen Jones, Israel Newman, John Atkins, Harold F. Bradley, August Derleth, etc.

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE—QUARTERLY—VOL. XII—Nov. 1951, #1
Editor, Charles Hyde Pratt, Winter Park, Florida—32 pp. distinctively printed—Prizes.

Features light verse. Biographies at bottom of page poems. Pointed editorials.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY REVIEW—QUARTERLY—VOL. XVIII—
Winter 1951, #2—pp. 90-165.

"To provide a medium for the best critical and imaginative writing available." No restriction as to subject matter. Short stories, essays, poems, sketches. Single copy \$1.00. Annual subscription \$3.00. Editor, Clarence R. Decker, University of Kansas City, Kansas City 4, Missouri. (Microfilm Edition available to libraries).

Poets include Henri Beauchamp, Alfred Kreymborg, Peter Viereck, Jeremy Ingalls, Ann Watson, etc. Bradley T. Perry compiles a 6 p. Bibliography of Criticism on William Faulkner. Superior in matter and format.

THE POETRY CHAP-BOOK—QUARTERLY—VOL. X—Fall 1951, #1—26 pp. of select poetry, pocket size, beautifully printed—Editor, Sydney King Russell, publisher Gustav Davidson. 225 E. 45th St. New York City—\$2.00

Note: \$100. annual prize "for the best writing on poetry, critical or biographical published during the year." Sponsored by the editor and the Poetry Society of America.

CULTURE—QUARTERLY—VOL. XII—December 1951, #4—pp. 341-560.

Articles and Bulletins. No poetry. Articles mainly in French. 33 rue de l'Alverne, Quebec City.

THE LANTERN—QUARTERLY—VOL. 25, #4—December 1951—20 pp. 40c. copy, \$1.50 per year.

Editor, C. B. McAllister and associates, 62 Montague St., Brooklyn 2, New York. Well printed, representative. Short poems of varied types by ranking poets. The centre section has an 8 p. Chapbook, "High Drift" and Other Poems by Elnora Chesterman.

WINGS—QUARTERLY—VOL. X—Winter 1952, #4—32 pp.—35c. copy, \$1.00 per year—Editor Stanton Coblenz, P.O. Box 332, Mill Valley, California.

(The meatiest dollar's worth in the poetry world.) Editorial: "Is Poetry Important?" Lord Dunsany, "A Fable for Moderns" reprint New York Times. Selective poetry, modern yet traditional. Pungent reviews. Book prizes.

Canadian Poetry Magazine

EPOS—QUARTERLY—VOL. 3—Fall, 1951, #1—16 pp.—30c. cov. \$1.00 per year—Editors: Will Tullos and Evelyn Thorne, Branson, Missouri.

Editorial, "Nihilism and the Fine Arts". Poems—"The Work of Outstanding New American and British Poets."

WINGED WORD—QUARTERLY—VOL. X, #3— Autumn 1951—"A quarterly Devoted to the Questing Spirit"—32 pp.—50c. copy, \$2.00 per year—Editor: Sheldon Christian, 10 Mason St., Brunswick, Me.

Prose articles by Cullen Jones: "Art and Nature"; also "Of Earth and of Heaven" by Sheldon Christian. Analysis of Albertine Fox's "Structure of a Scream" and the British series "Poems in Pamphlet" also "Antiphonal Earth" (Jose del Castillo)—"one of those miracles of writing that come upon one from out of nowhere and is seen to have about itself the mists of eternity." Distinctive poems; vibrant Chit-Chat; various awards. Readers "fee" 5c. per poem.

J. R. G. Adams

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